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MAY

15¢

THE LONE RANGER

Mysterious robberies are ruining the stage line and The Lone Ranger must find a way to stop them!



This is a Tigerhorse

A Tigerhorse is fierce as a tiger
if anybody tries to take his Kraft Caramels
because they're so chewy and good. And
he whinnies like a horse because
he always wants more.



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Caramels like
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everything - and that's good!



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THE LONE RANGER

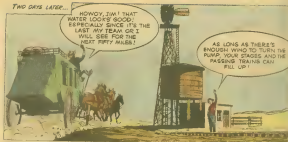
the STAGE ROBBERS' SIGNAL

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TWO DAYS LATER...





THE STAGE PASSES ON SAFELY BUT THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS THEY ONCE MORE TRAIL A STAGE ACROSS THE BARRENS....





SLOWLY, THE LONG RANGER'S BINOCULARS SCAN THE WATERLESS WASTELANDS....



THE NEXT MORNING, HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THE EARLY STAGE'S ARRIVAL....





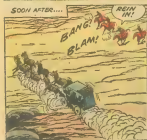


BUT SUDDENLY, THE CHASED MAN MAKES A TWISTING TURN---



QUICKLY, THE LONE RANGER RACES DOWN THE LADDER TO THE FALLEN MAN....







The Lone Ranger
MYSTERY

SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE
THE MYSTERY ALONG WITH
THE LONE RANGER.

the FALSE CLAIM

WHY YOU DERNY
CHEATER! YOU LET TORRENT
JUMP MY CLAIM!



GET YOUR
PINGS OFF ME!

HOW MUCH DID
HE BRIDE YOU?



NO ONE PAID
ME A RED
CENT TO---

---I'LL PAY YOU PLENTY FOR
GYING ME OUT OF WHAT IS
RIGHTFULLY MINE!



PUT IT
DOWN!

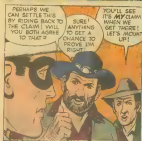
BANG!



KIND
SABAY---

--- HIDE FOR THE CLAIMS
OFFICE, TONTO! COME
ON SILVER!







DESPITE GREGG'S PROTESTS, TORRENT TAKES THE LEAD, AS THE HORSES SPLASH UPONER, WHEN SUDDENLY---

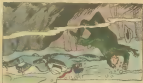




TORRENT DRINKS, BUT HIS WET GUN MISFIRES



FOR SUNDAY, TURN PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN---



THE LOST BATTLE BEHIND THAT THE MAN
AND SO HURLED IN BLOOD AND GIBBERED
GOLD-DRINKING STOLEN WHEELS
-CORRUPTED WAS A SPOON DROP IN THE
WHEEL TOWARD A HORSE FALL IN THE
MIND THAT TORRENT DROPPED AND NOT
MIND TO FIND THE LOSE!

THE SUSPECT



But they captured Mel Rivers that very afternoon and dragged him back to town. His trial was held that next week.

Surprisingly enough things went well for the accused. Mel's lawyer pointed out that no one had seen him in town the night of the killing, and that Mel had reported to the sheriff that his gun had been stolen. The jury was beginning to look doubtful when young Dan stepped to the stand. Hesitantly, Dan testified he'd seen Mel enter the mine at the time of the shooting in town. But his trembling voice convinced everyone Dan was covering up for his uncle.

"Dan," said the prosecutor, "I think you're lying to protect your uncle. If you help to free a killer now, he may kill again. Remember, you swore to tell the truth, the whole truth."

Dan hung his head, thoughtfully. Then looked straight at the prosecutor. "You're right, sir. I've got to tell the truth, no matter what! My uncle did kill old Bart. No, I didn't see him do it, but I heard the shooting. I ran into the alley. Bart was breathing his last. He rallied long enough to tell me it was Uncle Mel who did it. Then I ran away!"

The courtroom was in an uproar as Dan descended from the witness chair.

Suddenly Marshal Carter stood and spoke to the judge. "Your honor, I'm afraid I'll have to arrest Dan Rivers on suspicion of murder."

"On what evidence?" said the judge in surprise.

"The medical report showed that old Bart died instantly. He couldn't have said anything to Dan or anyone else."

"But why would I want to lie about a thing like that?" yelled Dan.

"When Bart died the gold mine went to your Uncle Mel. If Mel is executed then you inherit the mine. When you helped your uncle escape you were hoping we'd kill him. When that didn't work you made up this bald-faced lie."

With a howl of rage Dan charged through the crowd but the marshal's gun stopped him. "Stick around son, this trial is over, but there's going to be another one."

"Marshal Carter, my Uncle Mel never killed Bart Mason!"

Carter pushed his prisoner through the crowd to the jail door. "Sorry, Dan, but your uncle will have to stand trial," the lawman said.

"A trial! This town's ready to hang him right now."

"And with good reason," snapped a bystander. "Didn't we find Mel's gun in the alley near Bart's body?"

Mel Rivers spun around angrily, blazing. "Bart was my partner for twenty years. Why should I kill him?"

Carter spoke. "That mine you and Bart discovered last month. With Bart dead the mine's all yours."

Mel Rivers' tanned face turned gray. The crowd looked on him with stony faces.

Suddenly young Dan drew his gun. "Stand back, all of you! Quick, Uncle Mel, grab the marshal's gun and head for the canyon country. They'll never give you a fair trial here."

"Thanks, boy," said Mel. A moment later he was mounted and racing out of town.

"You made it worse," commented Carter, grimly. "Mel was only a suspect. Now he's a fugitive, armed and dangerous. And everyone's sure he's guilty."



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THE LONE RANGER

WHEN THE YELLOWLEGS STRIKE







ALL RIGHT! THE
MASK STAYS ON!
BUT IF THIS IS
A TRICK ---

---IT ISN'T. YOUR
SCOUT'S WARNING
SAVES THE CHEYENNE'S
PLAN TO ATTACK THE
NEXT WAGON TRAIN
WEST!



WHY, THERE'S A WAGON TRAIN
COMING WEST **TODAY!** THE
CHEYENNE CLAIM THE
OFFICIAL WAGON TRAIN IS
INSIDE THEIR TREATY LANDS
BY TWO HUNDRED YARDS!
I KNOW THEY'RE WRONG
ACCORDING TO THE TREATY
WAR! BUT TO KEEP CHIEF
BLACK LANCE IN HIS
TENT, I SENT THE SCOUT
WITH SOME GOLD FOR
HIM! OBVIOUSLY, THAT
DIDN'T WORK!

ALL IT DID WAS
SHOW BLACK
LANCE THE ARMY
WASN'T SURE
OF ITSELF!



WHO THE DEUCE
DO YOU THINK YOU ARE,
TELLING ME HOW TO
RUN MY COMMAND?

I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST
YOU LET TONTO AND
ME RIPE TO BLACK
LANCE AND
SETTLE THIS!



WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU
CAN SUCCEED
WHERE WE
FAILED?

I BELIEVE I HAVE A WAY
TO MAKE BLACK LANCE
SHOW WHETHER HE
WANTS JUSTICE ---OR IS
REALLY LOOKING FOR A
FALSE EXCUSE TO GO ON
THE WARRPATH! LET US
SEE HIM!



WHY NOT? EITHER
YOU'LL SUCCEED IN KEEPING
THE WAGONS FROM BEING
ATTACKED---OR THE CHEYENNE
WILL SAVE THE GOVERNMENT
THE EXPENSE OF GETTING
RID OF YOU ONE
DAY!



COME ON,
SILVER!

YOU FOUR MEN,
FOLLOW THEM AND BE
SURE THEY **DO** RIDE
TO THE CHEYENNE
CAMP!





SOON....



SOON THE TROOPERS ARRIVE...

BANG! BLAM!

YELLOWSTRIPES!

ZING!

OWW!



RIDE FOR
OUR TENTS!



AND AFTER THE CHEYENNES RACE OFF...

NOW, MISTER, YOU
HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER
FOR! WHY DID YOU, ON
YOUR OWN AUTHORITY,
TAKE THE WAGON
TRAIN AWAY FROM
ITS OFFICIAL
ROUTE?

MAJOR, BY MAKING
THE CHEYENNES
ATTACK THESE WAGONS
FIVE MILES BEYOND
THE LAND THEY CLAIM,
WE HAVE SHOWN THEY
ARE OUT FOR FIGHTING
AND LOOTING--AND
NOT OUT TO PROTECT
THEIR OWN LANDS!



SAY--YOU ARE RIGHT!
THEY CLAIMED OUR ROUTE
TRESPASSED A MERE
TWO HUNDRED YARDS,
BUT THEY CAME WAY
OUT HERE TO HIT
THE WAGONS!

WITH THIS EVIDENCE
YOU CAN FORCE
BLACK LANCE TO
KEEP TO HIS TENT!



WAGONMASTER, FORM
YOUR COLUMN! YOU ARE
HEADING WEST THANKS
TO THE HELP OF--
THE LONG
RANGER!

HI-YO SILVER!
AWAY!



YOUNG HAWK

YOUNG HAWK MEETS THE WHITE BEAR

SEE, YOUNG HAWK!
WE MUST BE VERY NEAR
THE FROZEN HOME OF THE
WHITE BEAR. EVEN THE SEA
IS FILLING UP WITH ICE!

WE WILL
SAIL NORTH TILL
WE FIND HAWK
LITTLE BUCK!

MANY DAYS OF FAIR SAILING HAVE BROUGHT
YOUNG HAWK AND HIS CREW OF TWO NORTH
OF BERING STRAIT. ON THE WAY THEY
HAVE TAKEN SKINS OF SEALS AND SEA-
OTTERS AND MADE WARM CLOTHING
AGAINST THE BITTER COLD.

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDY PETERSON

MY "MEDICINE" TELLS ME
WE WILL MEET THE GREAT
WHITE BEAR SOON! I DREAMED
AGAIN OF HIM LAST NIGHT!

WASH! THAT IS
GOOD! BUT WE
NEED MEAT, TOO!

LOOK—OFF THERE
ON THE BIG ICE PAN—
ARE THEY SEALS?

THEY ARE BIGGER
THAN SEALS, SEA
EAGLES—BUT THEY
ARE MEAT!

FROM THE DISTANCE COMES THE GROWLING ROAR OF
THE GREAT WHITE BEAR, AS THE SHALLOWS OUTRIFT DRIFT WARD.

TAKE THE SAIL, LITTLE BUCK!
WE'LL DRIFT TO THE FAR SIDE
OF THE ICE PAN AND TRY TO
STALK THE BEAR!





BITING SAVAGELY AT THE ARROW SHAFT, THE BEAR LOOSENS HIS GRIP ON MALIKTOK.



GET BACK! I'LL TAKE HIM ON!

TURN!—
BE QUICK!

THE AXE—FLASHING DOWNWARD, STRIKES TRUE!



RAHHH!



IT'S DEAD, YOUNG HAWK!
THE GREAT WHITE BEAR
OF OUR DREAM!

HIS FLESH IS DEAD
—HIS SPIRIT LIVES!
I WILL SPEAK TO
HIM...



O SPIRIT OF THE WHITE BEAR, FORGIVE THE
GLOW WHICH BRUGHT YOU LOW! ENTER NOW
INTO MY HEART AND SENSES! GIVE ME YOUR
STRENGTH AND YOUR WISDOM! YOU WHO
CALLED US FROM THE WARM SOUTHERN
SEA, IN OUR DREAM, MAKE IT CLEAR NOW
WHAT WE MUST DO!

As high as the Clouds, as low as the Earth.



A-NENG-NANGH-MAT!
YOU KILLED HIM!
HE IS YOUR MEAT!

NO, YOU KILLED
HIM WITH YOUR
KNIFE—I ONLY FINISHED
THE JOB! HE IS YOURS!



THIS IS LITTLE BUCK—
I AM YOUNG HAWK!
LET US BE FRIENDS!

MA-MUK-TOK!
IT IS GOOD! I AM
MALIKTOK!









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In an envelope or packed in a postpaid



Print Name and Address

GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa.

Start me in as a GRIT salesman.

Name

Age

Date Born

City

Is your school

closed on R. D.

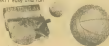
Phone Office

Are you a Boy?

Name

Please Print Your Last Name Plainly Below

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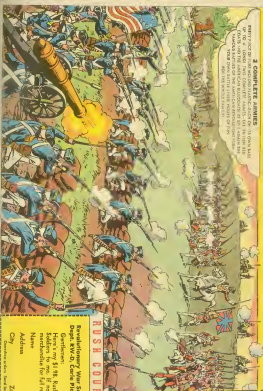


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3 COMPLETE REVIEWS

Many people do find this intimidating, and for the 11.5% who have opted to leave their careers, it's usually the first step. But the authors encourage us to consider the many benefits of the self-employed lifestyle. Some of the most important ones include:



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Soldiers to me. If not satisfied I may return
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2

444

91

1

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